

Ripley County Democrat.

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'ROUNDABOUT THE STATE.

Cleaned from Exchanges--Made by the Shears, the Pencil and the Paste Pot--Some Original, Some Credited, and Some Stolen, but Nearly All Interesting Reading.

There were 4,285 registrants in Dunklin county.

Butler county's total registration was 2,841.

An oil company has begun drilling for oil in Howell county, near West Plains.

A bunch of prisoners recently broke jail at Bloomfield. There was only one in the bunch worth capturing.

A car load of watermelons raised on the state penitentiary farm at Jefferson City, sold in St. Louis for \$1.75 cents each.

A Scott county man has a cane mill which will handle a ton of cane in an hour and can cook 100 gallons of syrup per day.

Gus Martins, of Perry county, refused to give part of the road to an automobile to pass him and was arrested and fined \$25 for his action.

The Farmer's Union in Dunklin county is preparing to erect a 50-barrel flour mill at Senath, and expect to have the same in operation in a few months.

Mrs. Lottie Williams, who resided in Portageville, dropped dead on a sidewalk in that city Wednesday of last week while talking with three other ladies.

During an electric storm a few days ago in Stoddard county, lightning struck the barn of John Mitchell who lives near Maroon. The barn, 20 loads of hay, 125 bushels of corn, one horse and harness was burned.

W. J. Seagraves, of Scott county, sued Arnold Carroll for \$10,000 damages because the latter ran into his wagon with an automobile and injured him considerably, but the jury awarded him only \$200 for the shakeup.

Recently at Desloge, Mrs. J. E. Wright was electrocuted while preparing to operate an electric iron. While making an effort to connect the cord in a tight socket hanging from the ceiling she received the fatal shock.

Morton L. Swan, a wealthy and retired farmer of Oak Ridge, Cape county, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head Sunday morning, August 25. Swan was a native of Cape county and had lived all his life near Oak Ridge. Ill health is supposed to be the cause of the rash act.

Luther Raglin, a cousin of Chas. Raglin of this place, was here this week from his home at Lodi on a visit. He was recently returned from an European hospital suffering from shell shock. His mentality has been impaired by his awful experiences, but from what he can tell he was torpedoed in the English Channel on the way to France. He was rendered unconscious and knows nothing of his rescue and later experiences. —Fredericktown Democrat-News.

John W. Snider, a young Carter county farmer, living on Ten Mile creek, sold 31 head of cattle recently—7 head of 2-year-olds, 6 head of 4-year-olds, and the remainder 3-year-olds—for \$1800 cash. His wife, with 225 hens on the place, has sold \$397 worth of eggs during the past

spring and summer. Live stock and poultry, well cared for, are as good as a gold mine these days, no difference where they are raised, and Ripley county farmers should make a note of the fact.

A Jefferson City telegram says that Missouri must send 6,919 men for the selective draft during the five-day period beginning October 7, to Camp Pike, Ark., according to a call made public Saturday at the office of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. McCord, executive officer for the selective service law. All of the men must be qualified for general military service, and the call will practically deplete Class 1 men in the state. The quotas of the various local boards will probably be announced by Colonel McCord Monday.

In Sikeston recently when the ladies were canvassing for Red Cross funds, a washerwoman gave them four pennies as her donation. It was taken for granted that this was the "widow's mite" of biblical fame, so four generously inclined gentlemen sent her each one dollar as a sort of reminder of the return of bread which is cast upon the waters. It developed later, however, that the woman has a husband who is employed steadily at \$3 a day and she gave the four pennies only as a joke. "Charity is sometimes worked to a frazzle," remarks the Sikeston Standard in commenting upon the occurrence.

From the Elsberry Democrat we learn that the dynamite which blew the door off an iron safe in the office of a storekeeper at Laclede, Mo., in 1892, also sent Gen. John Pershing, now commanding U. S. troops in France, into West Point. The story is given by James A. Pershing, a brother of the General, now employed in Cincinnati as a salesman. John Pershing at that time was a student at a normal school in Kirkeville. His father conducted a general store at Laclede. The burglar sized up the Pershing store, and when the elder Pershing arrived and found the safe empty he wired John to come home. John came and never went back to school. He saw a notice of a competitive examination for entrance to West Point. Despite the displeasure of his mother, John went to military school, learned the business of war, and has been practicing it ever since.

"Rags," the Messenger's dog, who was purchased by an itinerant printer when but a puppy, but who refused to "hit the road" with his owner, and is now recognized as a fixture in this office, is well known about town. He is a persistent visitor at the hotels, restaurants, and many private homes, where he usually shows up about meal time for a social visit. Last Monday morning "Rags" called at Mr. A. K. Calvert's home on the north side. Mr. Calvert had lost his eye-glasses, and after telling Mrs. Calvert of his loss, started down town to purchase another pair. "Rags" overheard the conversation and barked himself about the place. Mr. Calvert was some little ways

down the street when the dog overtook him and laid the glasses on the sidewalk in front of him. Where "Rags" found the glasses no one knows and the dog can not tell. "Rags" is now a welcomed visitor at Mr. Calvert's home. —Dexter Messenger.

War Stories.

After a hard battle which lasted from daybreak until dark without intermission, one of our soldier boys "ever there" fell into a dog while on picket duty (an unpardonable offense) and had a dream. He, unassisted, had captured the Kaiser and was meditating as to what to do with him, finally deciding to kill him. Being an American he could not think of a barbarous method, though he knew any death was deserving, so he decided to shoot him. When he had everything in readiness he asked the Kaiser how he felt about it.

"Well, I fear me not to die," answered the Kaiser. He untied the soldier's hands and said: "Erfordings looks bright before me."

"I thought so," suggested our soldier boy, raising his gun to his shoulder; "you'll see the bias in about two seconds."

The vividness of his dream awakened the sentinel, and just in time, for creeping upon him were three Germans, and only a short distance away. He cautiously loosened his revolver from its holster and opened fire, and after three shots leaped to his feet and remarked:

"Well, I didn't get the Kaiser, but I guess it's all right anyway. I'll bet those fellows can see the bias in hell right now."

While some of our boys were on a long hike recently they were allowed a rest of two nights and a day. There was a small town near their camping place and the boys were denied leave to visit the hamlet. However, some of the more venturesome ones slipped out past the sentinels. The night was cloudy and very dark, consequently on returning to camp the boys crept up cautiously so as to locate the sentinels and quietly pass inside the lines without being observed. One unlucky fellow approached too near to a sentinel who, hearing a stealthy movement in the grass, lowered his gun to a charge and demanded:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The man outside stepped sideways in to a small shell crater accidentally, and forgetting himself for the moment, ejaculated in a moderate tone as he fell to the ground:

"The devil!"

The sentinel, an Irishman, had been instructed to demand a halt three times, and if his challenge was not answered to fire. Upon hearing what he supposed to be an answer, Pat became rattled and exclaimed:

"Halt three times," and boom went his gun. Turning, he ran towards camp shouting:

"Turn out the guards! Turn out the guards; the devil's coming!"

When you have Baucke the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sano! it does wonders for the liver, kidneys, and bladder. A trial 35c bottle of Sano! will convince you. Get it at the drug store. 25-53c.

Missouri Historical Society

St. Louis, Mo., August 21, 1918. THE DEMOCRAT, DONIPHAN, MO.

The Missouri Historical Society is engaged in collecting photographs and short biographical sketches of all Missourians who are killed or wounded in military, aviation or naval service.

It is a difficult task, and the Society wishes to make an appeal to the newspapers of the State to request all persons having information relating to, or photographs of any of our killed or wounded, to communicate with the Missouri Historical Society, Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis.

Won't you help us by publishing a notice of the work that we have undertaken and of our desire for help.

Thanking you in advance for your assistance,

Very truly yours,
MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Woman's friend is a Large Trial Bottle of Sano! Prescription. Fine for black heads, eczema and all rough skin and clear complexion. A real skin tonic. Get a 35c trial bottle at the drug store. 25-53c.

TREAT WOUNDED IN FACE OF FOE

Red Cross Workers Refuse to Retreat While There is Work to Do.

AMERICANS IN HERO ROLE

Incident of Early Spring Offensive of Huns on the Somme That Should Make Americans Proud of Their Men.

Washington.—The story of the part American and Americans played in aiding the British and the French during the early spring offensive of the Germans on the Somme can never be adequately told. The whole picture is too big to paint on one canvas. It is only by describing the work of individuals and particular groups of workers that some idea of the American effort and its effectiveness in this historic battle can be brought home to the people back home—and then only in a small way.

While it is perhaps only a very small incident in the history of that great affair, the story of how a small band of American Red Cross workers "carried on" at one of the evacuation hospitals back of the British front should make Americans proud. When all but a few of the hospital staff had left with the two hundred or more patients and the Germans were advancing only a few miles away, four American army surgeons, assigned to the American Red Cross for work at this particular hospital, declared their intention of "sticking till the cows come home." And six Red Cross ambulance and truck drivers, as well as several American Red Cross nurses and aides "stuck" with them.

The Americans made their decision not because of sheer bravado, but because the hospital had the opportunity of serving a few wounded soldiers from day to day—and would save their lives. And at this writing these Americans are still there, giving much-needed medical attention to French and British soldiers who are brought back to this hospital because it is the nearest one back of that point of the line.

Stay on the Job.

The big guns of the British and French have been planted in the rear of it—and then moved farther back. The Boche armies come over at night. The little group of Americans have seen the troops, guns and transports go by in streams to points in the rear, but as long as the wounded are brought there, these Americans will stay.

A few hours after American Red Cross headquarters in Paris learned of the big German offensive, it dispatched eight trucks and motor cars to this hospital to aid in the evacuation of the patients. Night and day the Red Cross drivers worked bringing the wounded from the hospital to Paris.

When this had been accomplished the Red Cross cars went out into the surrounding country to pick up the wounded, who were attempting to walk to a hospital, and to aid the refugees struggling along the road. Besides transporting these two hundred or more wounded men to places of safety, the Red Cross cars aided 150 refugees to the railroads in three days.

But their work had only begun. Despite the evacuation of the hospital and the consequent order for more of the staff to accompany the patients to points of safety, the wounded kept coming in. Ninety per cent of them were serious cases. Practically all demanded immediate operations. Not simple operations, but major ones, where a steady nerve, delicate touch and sure hand were necessary to give the wounded the best chance for life.

Work Night and Day.

Night and day the American surgeons worked. There were a few nurses to assist, but all were tired—completely fatigued, mentally and physically. Every one needed rest. But there were the men coming in every few hours, their bodies pitifully torn, and suffering untold agonies. So no one thought of stopping, and even when one did get a few hours off duty there were the big guns only a few hundred feet from the hospital. They belched and roared all night.

Of course, some of the cases were hopeless and no amount of surgical skill or medical attention could save them. Here again the American Red Cross men came in for more work. They had to dig the graves and act as pallbearers.

One night was especially hard. The doctors were kept busy in the operating room until three o'clock in the morning. The nurses had to have a bit of rest. One nurse only was avail-

able. So again the Red Cross drivers were called upon. One became an aid to the operating surgeon, remaining in service until the last wounded man was rolled finally into his bed.

Prevents Sugar Famine.

Pullman, Wash.—Boys and girls belonging to Washington's juvenile clubs are to be enlisted in the patriotic movement to raise sugar beets this year, to be stored and set out in the spring of 1919, to produce beet seed for the spring of 1920. It is expected in this way that the threatened sugar famine may be averted.

German Sentiments by German Writers

EXTRACTS

The quantity of merchandise of various kinds seized in the hostile countries is so great that the difficulty of storing it increases every day. All the Chambers of Commerce have been asked to give all possible information regarding warehouses, sheds, etc., in which these spoils may be temporarily sheltered. It is proposed to divide the merchandise among all the countries of the Empire.—Frankfurter Zeitung, January 5th, 1918.

Remember that you are the chosen people. The spirit of the Lord has descended on me because I am the Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword. His representative. Disaster and death to those who resist my will! Disaster and death to those who do not believe in my mission.—The Kaiser, Address to the Army of the East.

We must win, because, if we were defeated, no one in the whole world could any longer cherish any remnant of belief in truth and right, in the Good, or, indeed, in any higher Power which wisely and justly guides the destinies of humanity.—W. Helm, Warum wir Siegen müssen.

It is only by remaining in Belgium that we shall force the English to recognize our equality with them. England must not remain master of the Belgian coast. She must be prevented from controlling an area which can be used as the starting point of a new and overwhelming Anglo-French offensive. Here lies the guarantee for the only proper relationship with England, and so for a lasting peace.—Von Bismarck, Testament.

Highly developed peoples, who are unwilling to amalgamate with the victors, can be forced into reservations; or the victors will leave to the subjugated peoples a portion of their territory to which they can all retire. It requires no supernatural gift of prophecy to perceive that in course of time the Latin peoples will be weeded out.—K. Wagner, Krieg.

O my Germany, into thy soul thou must etch a deep and indelible hate. Stifle in thy heart all human feeling and hasten to the fight.

O Germany, hate. Slaughter thy foes by the millions, and of their reeking corpses build a monument that shall reach the clouds.

O Germany, hate. Salvation will come of thy wrath. Beat in their skulls with rifle-butts and axes. Let your clenched fist enforce the judgment of God.—Vierordt, Song of Hate.

NEWS FROM "OVER THERE"

Band Purchases Now Realize What Their Aid is Accomplishing.

The news from the Western Front has been most cheering of late, and Liberty Loan workers may take unto themselves a mood of praise for their share in it without taking one iota of the praise due to the boys in khaki at the front who have so valiantly upheld the traditions of American arms. The people in the Eighth District, as well as throughout the nation, who have responded so wholeheartedly to the calls for funds, and have bought so freely of the Government's securities, have supplied the boys over there with the needed equipment, without which their efforts would have been in vain.

Now that victory is in sight, the response to the new demands will be met all the more cheerfully, and the Fourth Loan, no matter what the amount, will be quickly subscribed.

Every American church in America will provide a place on Sunday, Sept. 22—the latter of the two Volunteer Days—where subscriptions to Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds may be received.

Volunteer on Volunteer Day and send a message to the Kaiser that will shake him of his desire to win the world.

Remember Volunteer Days—September 22 and 23.

BRITISH LEARN SECRET OF DYE

Build Industry to Relieve Dependence on Germany.

MANY CHEMISTS ENGAGED

Plant Springs From Little Factory to One of Big Proportions—Master Problem of Cheap Production of "Intermediate" Products, Which is Key to Profitable Production of Dyes—Results Savor of Magic.

In a secluded Yorkshire valley is being fought one of the grimmest and most far-reaching battles of the war. It is the preliminary bombardment of the great commercial war after the war. For here are situated the works of the British Dyes company, which is struggling with Germany for one of the most vital industries of the modern commercial world, that of the dye.

The works of the British Dyes undertaking are typical of the evolution of the new industry and the new idea. Sprawling the length of a scarred and smokestacked Yorkshire valley, the sheds, boiler plants and scoured rows of retorts occupy acre after acre of ground. Sunk in the background, in a tiny cobbled street, a little factory that struggled for years against swelling German competitors, has tacked on either side and behind it a phalanx of raw red brick buildings. Stretching far along the valley, absorbing green fields and coppices, fed by miles of light railway and drained by 15 miles of sewers, are the great new sheds.

Many years ago an English chemist discovered that artificial dyes could be made by substituting coal tar for various chemical processes. On that discovery a great industry responsible today for almost every atom of color in our clothes, our books, our pictures and our household goods has been built. Germany was the first to realize the value of such an invention. Every possible inducement was put in the way of intending manufacturers and all German firms engaged in the new industry were subsidized by the government.

British Progress Rapid.

What took Germany over thirty years to accomplish with laborious research cannot of course be achieved by British chemists in a year or two, but surprising and gratifying progress has been made. The cheap production of the "intermediate" products, without which the finer products cannot be made profitably, is guaranteed. Patience and perseverance are expected to win further success.

It is essentially a key industry. The problem the British works attack is not that of providing this or that dye or discovering the secret of one or another obscure German patent, but that of establishing an industry which can stand on its own bottom and which is not to be upset by the withdrawal on the part of a foreign competitor of any essential substance used in the manufacture.

In this valley the gospel of thoroughness has not been preached in vain. In building after building there goes on a silent, almost automatic, series of operations that prepare the raw material and produce the intermediates.

Results Savor of Magic.

In the laboratories a chemist performed two or three little pieces of magic with colorless liquids from glass stoppered bottles, these seething into brilliant color before one's eyes. The magic that one meets in the factories is less visibly impressive. There is a sufficiently arresting sequence of smells to be encountered in a walk through the works, but a surprising absence of color.

There were remarkable experiments with new-found secrets in acid, basic, mordant, sulphur, union and vat colors, all of which are being marketed by British Dyes. Through three miles of works one passed to the intermediate and auxiliary service plants, to examine the costly equipment of the oleum and nitric acid installations and ascend among boiling greens; samples, it seems, of a thousand different odors varying from the hot vinegar variety to the scents of Araby. To see the new discovery, chloranthene blue, the first of a series which has been followed by chloranthene blue B D and chloranthene yellow D; and on into the altars of the alkyd factories, where acid dyestuffs for wool and silk, with extraordinary properties in bright shades of fast blue, are now produced and sold under distinctive brands H and E T, and pass through mountains of crude chemicals.

This leads to the last point—the research and chemical laboratory. It has a hundred chemists and more and has made a great beginning in guaranteeing the cheap production of "intermediate" products.